

NEW YORK TIMES

Sanitized - Approved For Release : CIA-RDP75-00001R000100060004-7

19 DEC 1967

# Text of Izvestia Article Based on Interview With Philby, Who Spied for Soviet

COPYRIGHT

MOSCOW, Dec. 18 (Reuters) — Following, in unofficial translation, is the text of an article in Izvestia based on an interview with Harold A. R. Philby, a Briton who spied for Moscow and now is a Soviet citizen:

A frosty December morning. The night's gloom has yet left the snow-covered streets. The trees on Gogol boulevard are covered with a fuzzy hoarfrost. At the trolleybus stop stands a chain of people, wiping their cheeks and stamping their feet. People are hurrying. A new day, with its cares and concerns, is beginning. Automobiles are so hurrying, passing one another.

A no longer young but still strong man of middle height walks unhurriedly along the sidewalk, breathing frosty air with pleasure. He is wearing a warm sheep-lined coat and a fur hat. The man is obviously delighted by the morning and frost and the rushing stream of pedestrians. Occasionally people bump into "Excuse me," they hasten to him. "Don't mention it," he answers pleasantly, speaking with a slight intonation.

He glances at the people, the trolleybus stop and, cheerful good-natured, after a fashionable girl in a minicoat, who is borne along to the warmth of a subway entrance. He looks with interest at the boys with schoolbags and their shoulders throwing balls at each other on the boulevard. He always sees this man with a good open face.

Who is he, what is he smiling, what unusual things are found on the boulevard in the coated trees, on ordinary Moscow morning? The young boys on the sidewalk, the passers-by on the sidewalk—who of them imagine the surprising story of the man who at them this morning? It has been called a mystery in his life a riddle. Long whole decades, 30 long of eternal riddles. A life as a labyrinth.

## A Meeting at the C.I.A.

In the spring of 1951, an important meeting was called in the office of one of the leaders of the Central Intelligence Agency, the sanctum sanctorum of the American secret service. In addition to Allen Dulles, around the long table sat Frank Wisner, the head of the service for super-secret subversive political operations. His post was a secret even to trusted workers, he was listed as an assistant to the director of the department for policy coordination. Alongside him was his assistant, Frank Lindsay.

The participants in the meeting were waiting for an important guest. Kim Philby, the head of a special liaison mission between the British secret service and the C.I.A. in Washington, was supposed to take part in working out an operation of extreme importance. The C.I.A. had pinned high hopes on the British guest, a prominent member of the British secret service who was considered an outstanding expert on operations against the Soviet Union and other Socialist countries. Philby had stood at the cradle of the C.I.A.—the American espionage system was created under the guidance of the highly experienced British secret service.

The Englishman was as precise as ever. He arrived on the minute. Very elegant, thoughtful, he was the model of a British gentleman. A slight stammer did not spoil his speech, and legends of the power of his charm circulated in both the C.I.A. and the British secret service. After cordially greeting those assembled, he took his seat at the table.

The C.I.A. had been ordered to work out an operation on organizing a counterrevolutionary uprising in one of the Balkan Socialist countries. The first stage in this action was supposed to be the dropping of a group of several hundred saboteurs on the territory of this country. Almost all of them were emigrés from the country. The group was supposed to

stir up trouble in various places, which, when merged together, would lead to an explosion and the toppling of the existing system.

A big stake had been placed on the operation. According to the thinking of its originators. It was, in the first place, a "test stone" and, in the second, was supposed to become the starting point for broad counter-revolutionary actions against all the Socialist countries. The teams of saboteurs were waiting for the signal for the drop. Lindsay, Wisner's assistant, had been designated the immediate executor of the operation.

Philby approved the plan; certain details seemed to have been inadequately worked out and he made a number of corrections. The participants in the meeting caught his every word; Philby's opinion was worth a good deal. Dulles, puffing on his pipe, listened to the English guest with emphasized respect. He had vast information about him. He knew that Philby had gathered experience as long before as the Spanish Civil War, that Franco had personally pinned the Red Military Cross on his chest. Dulles also knew about the extensive ties between the English spy and the ruling circles of Hitler's Germany, the fact that Philby regularly visited Berlin before the war, where he quite simply met with von Ribbentrop. He was an outstanding specialist and the C.I.A. knew it.

## 'It Was a Catastrophe'

One of the most significant operations of the C.I.A., carefully concealed throughout the subsequent 17 years of the cold war, ended in an unexpected failure. The team of dropped men was greeted in a proper way. It was a catastrophe, and mourning was observed in C.I.A. headquarters.

All the services were turned upside down. All the possible hypotheses linked with the failure of the operation that had been so pains-

takingly prepared were painstakingly analyzed. All but one, Dulles, a man with imagination, could imagine everything that suited him. But even in a nightmare he could not conceive that a staff worker of the Soviet intelligence had sat opposite him at the table in his office that August morning.

Soviet spy Kim Philby had fulfilled his latest assignment from the center.

And now it became our turn to sit at the same table with Kim Philby. The table was a small one, the polish does not shine. An English table, covered with old work papers. The rest of the furniture, which seemed to have arrived in this Moscow apartment straight from the novels of Dickens, also suited him—the darkened wood of the bookshelves, the armchair that seems almost pretentious to our modern taste and the fireplace, an electric one though. The apartment is filled with books, of all kinds for the most part English.

The host of the apartment fits harmoniously in this environment. He is very calm, unhurried, his big gray head with a straight part is seated on strong shoulders and his weathered, masculine face is softened by bright eyes with a slight squint. When he smiles, wrinkles run from the corners of his eyes to his temples and his face becomes even warmer. Kim Philby, a man of great destiny, is receiving us, two Soviet journalists, for the first time.

There are millions of questions in our heads, but where should we begin? Comrade Philby quite obviously catches the confusion on our faces. "Let us start with the beginning," he proposed softly, from the stove, as the Russians say.

His English reveals him as a man of high culture.

He was born in the Indian town of Ambala and spent the first four years of his life in India.

"On Jan. 1 I will be 56," Comrade Philby says. "My father served as an officer

Philby

Continued